SIERRA CLUB YODELER

Volume VI December 18, 1944 Number 21

OVERSEAS MEN WANT WILDERNESS PROTECTION

By Arthur H. Blake

The campaign begun this year by Yodeler to promote correspondence and discussion on current and postwar problems of wilderness protection has brought unexpected fruit in an increasing number of letters from members now overseas in the armed services.

This unexpected contribution is an added incentive which should keep us on our toes in the continuous struggle to preserve a few of the glories of these United States. When these veterans of the present war return they must not feel that we have let them down. Let the dreams they now enjoy--of the exhilarating and healing benefits of great open spaces--come to no rude awakening!

Job for Many

Our effort at home to protect the small remaining wilderness and to repel the invasion by roads and by automotive and aeromotive developments now needs coordination as well as action by many. Along this line, several members have asked us about writing letters to their congressmen, and have asked for a list of members of the House and Senate to whom they may write. Such a list will be published in the January 8 Yodeler, brought up to date for the new Congress which will get under way at the first of the year.

Road Bill Discussed

In answer to queries about the billion-and-a-half Road Bill: it will doubtless pass the present Congress. It provides in its present form that these federal funds be matched by state funds in equal amount. The Federal Bureau of Roads and the State Highway Commissions will have a voice in determining the construction of these roads. We will give you a report on the Bill when and as enacted, as well as further comment on the extension of the road up Kings Canyon above Cedar Grove.

CAPACITY CROWDS TO FILL SKI LODGE

With all Clair Tappaan Lodge reservations taken well in advance, there is every indication that the official opening of the ski season is to be highly successful (for those who made their reservations in time, at least). The early snow pack, the top-notch condition of the Lodge, and Jorgy's assurances that everything will run smoothly, all combine to promise a fine holiday period.

We use the term "official opening" advisedly, mindful of the great majority of people who do not realize that the ski season is not necessarily limited to the interval between the two Christian holidays. This year, for instance, skiing was possible early in November, and visitors to the Donner Summit region last week end still found powder on north slopes, despite the two weeks elapsed since the last snowfall.

Can Boast of Ski Conditions

Californians can thus take advantage of one more opportunity for self-congratulation, and boast to anyone who will listen of skiing which not only begins early but also lasts into May or even June. It is pleasanter, of course, to forget the occasions (unfortunately plural) on which would-be skiers have spent New Year Day watching rain fall on bare brown earth.

There is now a good enough pack that--barring sudden warm rains--there will be plenty of snow for the students, service folk on leave, Ski Patrol members keeping in practice in case of emergency call, and vacationing war workers who will throng the various Donner Summit resorts.

Visitors to Tappaan Lodge are urged to keep in mind the cooperative nature of Lodge operation. With each visitor assuming a small part of the total housekeeping job, things can be kept running smoothly without placing too great a burden on any one individual.

SIERRA CLUB YODELER

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IT SEEMS TO US

XXXX Our correspondents are writing better editorials than we can, these days.

From Lt. Lewis F. Clark, USNR (So. Pac.):

Greetings to the Yodeler and all the folks of the Club who are carrying on the good work in which we are still interested. Recently I received the August bimonthly and noted particularly Newton Drury's two articles re National Park problems and policy. It seems to me the Sierra Club faces the greatest challenge in its history in defending the National Parks and wilderness areas from exploitation of many sorts by postwar planners, who will be thinking of spending money rather than preserving the natural recreational resources. The defenders of the Parks must take a positive stand and aggressively develop a public sentiment in favor of keeping resources that otherwise may be destroyed.

From S/Sgt. Ed Breitwieser (in Italy):

I have just received the June Bulletin. I was interested to see that the fight is on again to keep our forests free from further encroachments. Keep up the good work. I hope to be back before too long and help in the battle. Several of us are already making plans for a mountain trip when we return. Prospective members of the party are at present in China, Italy, Louisiana.

HIST! SPIES OR CENSUS TAKERS?

The annual bird census taken by members of the Audubon Society, including many Sierrans, last Sunday caused no end of worry to San Francisco's volunteer super-duper anti-spy sleuths.

For not only were the strange antics of these binocular- and knapsack-toting students of our little feathered friends noted as they peered at tree tops and telegraph wires hither, thither, and yon, but when they gathered in the waiting room at the Bridge erminal to recapitulate their count on their map, the local gendarmerie was alerted.

"Wot's goin' on here?" interrupted The Law, in the midst of a check on a bird which our operative designated as a Whirly-tailed Whiffenpoof. When assured that this was a bird census and that there were no bombs in the knapsacks and no secret war data recorded on the maps, the guardian of the public beat a strategic retreat, muttering sagely, "All that trouble about them little sparrers, when it's the seagulls and the pigeons that should be taught better manners or else counted--out!" --AHB

NATURALIST BESTED BY TINY SNAKE

(Lt. Milton Hildebrand writes from Texas)

I am now platoon leader of the weapons platoon of a rifle company in the 85th Mt. Inf. Note that it is now Mountain Infantry again. That "Mt." in there sounds good and speaks for good intentions.

This is my third assignment in as many months. First I had a rifle platoon and then an ammunition and pioneer platoon. This was rather fun, and I had a good many reasons for thinking of the early days at Norden as we erected gin poles, used tackle, built bridges, etc. I remember the day at Norden when we left one of the heavy "A" frames swinging in the wind while we took time out for lunch.

We are pretty busy here now, but I have recently seen Raffi, Dave, Gordon Stimson, and Chet Errott. Chet has left our outfit to go to military government.

You will be amused (more amazed!--Ed.) to hear that I was bitten by a copperhead several weeks ago. I have handled rattlers, copperheads, and coral snakes for years, and collected many poisonous snakes in Salvador--then I got careless and let a little 7-inch copperhead stick me in the finger! Shame! I had my suction kit with me and treated myself at once. The bite caused me no trouble at all, but the medics almost (cont. p. 8)

YODELEARS HEAR

--that Sid Weitz is "Somewhere in New Guinea," and says, "so far as I am concerned, the beauty and romance of the tropics has been greatly over-advertised. Nothing but jungle and swamp with a liberal number of obnoxious insects. I will take the Sierra any time!" (We too, Lt. W!)

--that Lt. Bessie Lawrence writes (from France?) "We are working very hard; the days aren't long enough, and there isn't much time or energy for anything else. I've seen my old outfit, and that was like a visit to California. Our hospital is sort of a ramshackle affair but the patients get along all right. Our living quarters are magnificent by contrast--a real mansion."

--that skiers who formerly patronized Vanderford's lodge at Donner summit are sad indeed at the news that that establishment burned down this fall.

--of the tremendous success of the play recently running at the Theatre Arts Colony Theater, "Dark Eyes;" much of the success attributable to the excellence with which Portia Bradley portrayed the part of Olga.

--that Marion (Roach) Craig is at present at her parents' home in Berkeley. She had left Alaska when her husband was sent out on the Aleutians and she could not follow, and spent the summer and fall in Grass Valley, but expects to be in Berkeley for some time now.

--that Ansel Adams, currently working with Dorothea Lange on a photographic assignment for a nationally important magazine, spent recent days and evenings photographing Market Street crowds from the top of his station wagon. It is fortunate that humans cannot be stampeded as were camera-shy mules on a Sierra pass one day in 1936!

--that Nathan Clark spent about ten days at his parents' home in Alameda early this month.

--that Dave Stearns, recently returned from the Mediterranean regions, is enjoying leave here until early January.

--from Bernice Bonds that the Anchorage Ski Club is active, but missing Frank Pauls (now overseas). They enjoy week-night practice on a floodlighted practice hill right in town, where they run a 400-foot rope tow. Sundays they make the 3-hour trip to Independence Mine if snow conditions are not good on some nearer slopes.

BESTOR ROBINSON WRITES ODYSSEY

Writing from Paris on November 11, Lt.-Col. Bestor Robinson addresses many friends)

Hello, Yodelereaders! The Yodeler has been following me around emphasizing that there are still such things as mountains and skiing and friends to be enjoyed. In top place, next to returning to my family, I put the renewal of the friendships made on ski fields and mountain trails.

Randy May, now a captain, dropped into the office the other day, looking the same as ever. I haven't seen any other Sierra Club members lately.

I have had a very interesting tour of duty with the Army.

First, as chief of Special Forces Section in the Quartermaster General's Office, I had the pleasure of working with Dick Leonard, Einar Nilsson, and Phil von Lubken of the Sierra Club, as well as a large group of explorers, scientists and mountaineers, developing gadgets (the Army dignifies them by the name 'equipment') for the groups operating in jungle, mountain, arctic, desert, amphibious and airborne operations.

Then to school to learn what makes the Army tick--QM School at Camp Lee and the School of Staff and Command at Leavenworth.

Next step was to the European Theater, where I was put in the Planning Division. After working on plans for D-Day I felt so full of secrets I was afraid to talk in my sleep.

Following D-Day I had the pleasure of watching supply lines function, as Executive Officer for QM operations for this theater. Then came Chief of QM supply planning and later in charge of transportation and distribution of QM supplies. These jobs have given me an "Amos & Andy" complex making it impossible to think in terms of less than a shipload or trainload or in numbers less than a million. I hope some day not too far off to be able to drop into the Bedayn grocery and say I want just one ounce of something.

The irony of fate has now caught up with me. Newest job is chief of Research and Development for QM supplies. It's the painful job of seeing whether all of these gadgets and new ideas which we developed with such enthusiasm with the taxpayer's money actually work and if not why not. The GI's will have rather firm and vigorously expressed opinions on those matters and they can't be kidded. They're the world's severest critics.

Best of luck to all my friends who are keeping alive Sierra Club traditions.

LETTERS FROM EVERYWHERE

From Pvt. Jessie Alford (in New Guinea)

This letter is a greeting to all my Sierra Club friends; and I want you to know that I'll attempt to answer all mail sent to me here. (Yodeler cannot print overseas addresses, but letters for overseas members will be forwarded by the Club office--Ed.)

We are living in comfortable barracks--with showers--on the beach. This was formerly a coconut plantation, and nuts are plentiful. The juice is rather good, something like soda pop, but it does not agree with everyone.

The swimming here is wonderful, which helps to make bearable our happy home in the "stockade." We live in a barbed wire and sheet metal enclosure that includes a largish strip of beach, palm, and ocean--and nothing else. We are guarded at all times by numerous MP's who take their work very seriously. Passes are given only to two or more couples, soldiers adequately armed. We never leave the area without an armed guard. But we have swimming dates on free afternoons, and there are dances in our area two nights a week, and movies three nights. Often we are invited to parties in the outlying camps to which we travel, well guarded, in trucks, and surrounded by a fog of dust as soon as we get away from the shore (unless it is raining).

We are just a few miles from one of the early beachheads, scene of heavy fighting; the coconut trees there are almost all topless and you can see where Japs were tied into the trees. Almost all of the enemy has been chased off the island by now. We are safer here than at home, I think, as long as we dodge the Anopheles mosquito. We sleep under mosquito nets and use mosquito bombs, although proper drainage and oiling have removed most of the winged terrors from our area. And I'm fast turning the fashionable yellow shade of atabrine. Atabrine does not prevent malaria, but it keeps you on your feet working even if you have the disease in your system (which you don't find out until you stop the atabrine).

Fuzzy-wuzzies are a picturesque lot. Their clothes are sensibly scanty. A thin belt of grass around the waist holds a piece of colored cloth like a wrap-around skirt. Shell earrings and a flower in the hair complete the costume except for a grass bracelet on the upper arm and sometimes around the ankle. Many of them have bleached their hair so that the lower part is black and the top blond; it grows high and fuzzy on the head, hence the name. They run up the trees as if they were walking on a sidewalk. Their toes are almost as useful as their fingers.

From Roland Goggin (NCDU USNATB, Fort Pierce, Florida.)

Skis are a long way from what we are doing here. I recently took a week-long 80 mile trip through the Everglades in canoes. It was very interesting. We were allowed only two days supplies of "C" rations and had to forage for the rest. Believe it or not, we ate rather well: turtle meat and soup, cottonmouth and rattlesnake meat, palm cabbage, pig weed, quail, grapefruit, oranges, tangerines and wild duck. At times I have my doubts as to whether I'm in the Navy or on a High Sierra trip.

There are a hundred of us here undergoing special training. We finished the first six weeks with the Scouts and Raiders and Combat Demolition Unit. Mornings are spent in physical exercises while the afternoons are spent in blowing hell out of everything. We are at present engaged in clearing a mile of underwater obstacles on the Ocean front. We seem to be doing more to decrease the fish population than to eliminate obstacles.

Lt. Mildred Robinson (in New Guinea)

We made one trip over to Naples for the invasion of South France. We waited there until after the invasion started and then made two trips to South France and took patients off the beachheads. When we weren't needed any longer for that we took on a full load of boys at Naples to bring back to the States. To our surprise when we left Charleston again on Oct. 9 we learned that we were heading for the South Pacific. When we get there we will have traveled 29,000 miles since June 18.

We do not know what our new home port will be but it will be somewhere in California. I hardly dare hope for San Francisco but any place in California will look pretty good.

NATURAL SCIENCE SECTION

What Makes It Tick?

In considering the Natural Science Section, perhaps our good friends have asked themselves, "What makes it tick?" That it really does "tick" is evidenced by the fact that in spite of having only 36 active members (7 of our members are away in the armed services), the average attendance at NSS events during the past year was 23. The diversity of activities has attracted an ever-increasing number of Club members and guests, many of whom we hope will join the NSS.

The curtailment of transportation facilities has necessarily limited the scope of our field trips; yet not always are "the farthest pastures the greenest", for Marin County and the East Bay hills have yielded splendid opportunities for the study of plants and flowers, trees, shrubs, mosses, geological formations, bird and animal life. For instance, can anyone forget the entrancing beauty of the flower-decked hillsides on that memorable trip on which Violet Jencks led us to Portuguese Flat last April?-- Or the wealth of tiny fungi and liverworts, deep shaggy mosses, and sturdy green ferns in Steep Ravine the day after a heavy rain? The thirst for a more intimate knowledge of such wonders of Nature is one of the things which makes the NSS "tick"; hence the brief series of informal botany classes given by Tom Howell in the Club office last spring.

San Francisco's parks have given us three interesting trips--to the Aquarium and the Arboretum in Golden Gate Park; and the Zoo at Fleishhacker Park.

Evening meetings have been devoted to the study of plant life zones; birds and bats; desert flowers; High Sierra plants and pictures; a word-and-picture trip to Mexico; and an actual trip through the Herbarium at the University of California.

Does this brief resumé answer your question, friends? The NSS is intensely interesting. Won't you join us and see how much joy it can bring to you?

NSS CALENDAR

Jan. 7, Sunday: Wildflower census. Take 8:55 Mill Valley bus. Hike through Muir Woods. Distance, 9 miles. Elevation 1500 feet. Fare 55¢ round trip.

Jan. 28, Sunday: Eastbay manzanitas.

Feb. 16, Friday: Evening meeting, 360 Mills Tower. (There will be no evening meeting in January.)

ADD-LIBEING

Chuck-full of worthwhile articles is the December issue of Appalachia, just arrived at the Club library.

Hidden in the back of the magazine is an item entitled "A Practice Climb in California", by Thelma Bonney Hall. In it she tells of a Sunday rock climb with Sierra Club members in Los Angeles. Her concluding words are particularly quote-worthy:

"I was greatly interested in one phase of this group's etiquette. After the various calls back and forth to assure that the climber had tied his bowline and that belayer and climber were both ready for business, the climber then called, "Test." He thereupon climbed a step or two and fell off on the rope, or in some other manner suitable to the pitch ran a test on the belayer. It seemed to me a thoroughly desirable practice and one which our eastern groups might well emulate. I know that when I was holding rope and was called on for a test, the result gave me an added confidence which took all the unhappiness out of belaying heavier-than-myself people."

This issue of Appalachia contains a number of excellent articles, including one on the art and technique of walking, by Dr. M. Beckett Howorth. Clothing, shoes, knapsack, diet, rest, speed -- all these and many other matters are considered.

Fred Beckey, now with the mountain troops at Camp Swift, Texas, contributes an article on new summits in the Picket Range. He relates his and his brother's experiences in conquering unclimbed peaks in the northern part of Washington.

Ski Illustrated for December likewise is crowded with articles of interest to Sierrans. Among these are "Estimating the Snow Crop," by the general manager and chief engineer of the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power; "Why Broken Legs?", by Erling Strom, a Norwegian skier who thinks heel pressure has a lot to do with the subject, and "Up-ski", a story by Vivian Breck concerning the Soda Springs ski tow.

MORE LETTERS FROM EVERYWHERE

From Capt. Al Gerould (in Germany?)

You will be glad to hear that the troops, at least as far down as regimental level, manage to live in reasonable comfort. I and my little band of interrogators have a nice house. It lacks a roof, to be sure, but so long as it doesn't rain it is perfectly comfortable. At least we have a couple of good stoves. I spent the morning with my feet up on one of them reading "No Life for a Lady" and drinking mulled vermouth (try it--it's good!). My prisoner ditch-digging detail ran onto a 20-liter carboy of the stuff while digging a garbage trench. One of the beauties of being regimental interrogator is that when there are no prisoners there is absolutely nothing to do-but maintain life. The corresponding drawback is that prisoners always arrive during mealtime or in the middle of the night--or so it seems.

I had quite a trek across Holland one day last week. It is remarkable how peaceful things look there now. In the area I went through the only evidence of the war that passed last fall was an occasional bridge out and of course the military traffic all over the roads. The people of liberated Holland were on rather short rations when we first came because the Germans had packed off all the food when they left, but I notice that the meat markets and grocery stores begin to look reasonably well stocked now. One still notices, though, evidences of how short the Dutch are in other lines of consumers' goods in the number of shop windows that are decorated solely with a picture of the Queen or of Juliana and her husband.

From Jerome H. Parrish (in India)

This place is so hard to find that even air mail takes a long time reaching us. I do as little hiking here as possible, but wish that I were hiking along the trails with the Sierra Club.

Before the war I carried a mail man's pouch during the week and a Sierra Club pack on Sundays, but the Army pack is the most uncomfortable of the three. It always has a buckle in the wrong place that digs in and can cause a lot of trouble on a long hike. (Robinson-Leonard-Nilsson, Inc.: ? ? ? --Ed.) I am thankful I do not have to do much Army marching on my flat feet!

From Capt. Stewart Kimball (in Alsace)

This morning we looked out of the window and saw a fresh snowfall covering the roofs, trees, and ground. It was the first fall of the season. The mud and filth of the manure piles were mercifully hidden and the softly fallen snow had settled on the bare twigs of the apple trees, outlining them in intricate traceries. Unfortunately, this afternoon it has warmed up again.

We are living at the present in a typical French village. The houses are continuous along both sides of the street, set well back from the road, each with its manure pile in front.

I have never seen so many types of draft animals as the French peasant uses. Possibly it is due to the fact that there is a shortage of horses, but I have seen cows, steers, and oxen harnessed along with horses. It is a strange sight to see a cow pulling a wagon through the streets.

In the little village I am now in, we share a house with a French officer. We are the most democratic of all armies; there is a difference between officers and men, but not much. Possibly you have read the gripes of the men about the distinctions and officer privilege, but you ought to see the French.

About two weeks ago I had the good fortune to visit Rheims. Of course the highlight of the trip was the Cathedral. It is impossible to describe it, but I was awed by its beauty. The characteristic which impressed me most was its simplicity of architecture with an abundance of detail. I also visited the champagne caverns where that delicious wine is made and aged, this being the center of the champagne district. We bought many bottles and later had quite a party. I have decided that champagne is the ideal drink.

Coming back I passed through the Marne Valley (peculiarly and fortunately it was a clear and beautiful day), where the forests are now yellow and rust colored and wonderfully set off against the green fields.

FOR SALE: a pair of 7-foot skis, mahogany finished hickory with Kandahar (cable type) bindings, and chrome finish poles. Boots, too, 5½. Angie Harris, SU 4022 (bus.); MO8756

LOMA PRIETA PRATIN'S

Oh, What a Christmas Party! With considerable frontal expanse of feathered avoirdupois, a red-suited Santa Claus arrived Saturday night, the 16th, at the Mayfield Library with two sacks of toys for the 70-odd LP-ans and a voice under the whiskers sounding amazingly like Charlie Stone.

But that wasn't all--first, there were Xmas Carols led by Catherine Reed; then a general report on members in the Service called for by Chairman Helen Wunderlich; the showing of the Club's movie, "Sky-Land Trails of the Kings;" a lovely tango solo by Anna Marie; a first-class mellerdrammer of the Kingdom Stomachivus; a series of mixer and brain-teasing games --and all followed by Harvey Dowling and his music for John Paul Joneses, etc. and hot pumpkin and apple pie, punch and coffee, of which there were even seconds!

Our vote of thanks goes to the Entertainment Committee for their bang-up job. When we left at 12:45, they were still hard at work restoring order to the chaotic hall.

By the way, we hear that Eleanor Johnson's trip of December 10 to Haskins Ranch was bounding with mistletoe. Sorry you weren't there?

Also, we hear that Helen Wunderlich's trip on December 3 to Summit Rock disclosed a new route over fine Hubbell terrain and that Harvey Dowling, Frank Sewell, and Charles Wood reached Summit Rock by a new route.

* * * *

Merry Xmas to all, and to all a good hike
In the year '45 with the gangs we all like

--DLK

TABER FEATURED IN UNIQUE PROGRAM

A special Thanksgiving meeting was held in the San Francisco Opera House on November 30 to welcome home Lt. Robin Taber, first San Franciscan to be repatriated from German prison camp. Son of Sierrans Louise and Loren Taber, the Air Force lieutenant was navigator of a Flying Fortress shot down over Gelsenkirchen in August, 1943.

For an audience consisting largely of the Fellowship of Relatives of War Prisoners, Lt. Taber related in interesting --and humorously expressed--detail his experiences and daily routine in Stalagluft #3, where he was Director of Curriculum in the Prison Camp.

--AND MORE MORE

From Sgt. Malcolm G. Smith (now in France)

My stay in England was rather short, but I saw some of the country from Scotland to the English Channel. It seemed very attractive, and with its grassy hills sparsely covered with oaks and other trees reminded me of the coastal part of California (in April). I did not get to London, but did see Manchester and Liverpool.

We have covered a good deal of ground in France and I saw some of the devastated cities of Normandy. We stayed for a while at a beautiful chateau built in 1742 and still used by its owners, a duke and duchess. It was in perfect condition, and I enjoyed its exquisitely paneled rooms and fine paintings, many from the 18th century. It was surrounded by fine gardens and had a lovely view out over wooded country to a valley below--hence the name, Chateau St. Jean de Beauregard. The owners could speak good English, so I enjoyed talking with them. More recently I have had several dinners with a family in the small town in which we are stationed, and my French has been put to quite a strain. We are living in former German barracks which are very comfortable with a hot water heating system. The town we are in is built at the edge of a steep drop into a valley, so has some striking views looking up or down. The two churches were flattened during the last war but were restored by the country as historical monuments and they dominate every view.

I have had several trips to Paris, naturally quite a thrill to one who has studied architecture. It is a magnificent city, and autumn coloring of the horsechestnuts and the plane trees added much to its charm.

I went to the Jardin des Plantes which seems well supplied with plants from all over the world including California. One of the curiosities was the first Robinia grown in Europe from an American seed sown in 1661. I find these trees to be by far the commonest American tree grown in Europe.

It has not been very cold as yet, but the short damp days have restricted outdoor activities, so I have recently worked up some water color sketches I made in England and this country.

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CHRISTMAS ~ NEW YEAR GREETINGS TO SIERRANS EVERYWHERE



BIG CHRISTMAS PARTY SCORES SUCCESS

It looks as though Bay Chapter Sierrans know a good thing when they see it. At least, last Saturday night's crowd of about 260 (just double last year's attendance) had come for a good time--and they got it.

With the evergreen-decorated mansion of the Hamlin School providing a beautiful background and the cordial greetings of Committee members setting the friendly atmosphere, guests enjoyed pre-program visiting and dancing to recorded music.

Then began the parade of chairs and the crowd settled down to enjoy such varied features as a reading by Geneve Shaffer, a dissertation on "Stars" by Cecil Earle, and a program of numbers by Louise Andre's elaborately costumed "Dancing China Dolls." Surprise even to the Committee that was planning surprises was the appearance of Dave Stearns, home from Africa for the holidays, and Dave was kind enough to sing two songs appropriate to the season.

A lively orchestra played for the dancing following the program, and guests enjoyed delicious refreshments served in a window-walled room overlooking the Golden Gate.

Snake Story (cont. from p. 2)

killed me with antivenin. I am very sensitive to the stuff and the small dose I got really packed a wallop. I had hives from head to toe and was sick and sore. Moral: don't ever let Army medics catch you treating yourself for snake bite!

NOT MANY ON HAND FOR CAMP HANDY

After a strenuous Christmas Party, ten hardies arose at a very early hour to catch the 9:40 Fairfax bus. Marty Cronin --slightly in a haze--led the group up behind the stable to Bon Tempe Meadow.

The return to Ross was highlighted by the entire gang trying to find mistletoe for the Christmas season (intentions strictly honorable!), and with admirers trying to keep their hands off the bright red Toyon and Madrone berries. --AEG

THANKSGIVING DINNER GREATLY ENJOYED

Plenty of turkey with all the trimmin's and much good fellowship were enjoyed by the 37 who gathered at the Bellevue Hotel to share their Thanksgiving cheer. Tables were beautifully decorated with great branches of yellow berries sent from the Santa Cruz mountains by Phyrne Lorenz.

Cy Washburn, inimitable MC, had Evelyn Kumpf and Marty Cronin as his capable helpers. The Bellevue did itself proud, serving a huge and delectable meal in a commodious private room.

Singing, recitations, self-identification (we are indeed a cosmopolitan group!), and the raffling of six little American flags in pretty standards occupied the dinner hour. Later the Roy Criteses showed their Kodachrome movies of Hawaii, and the Lionel Mawbys brought their fine photographic records of Harvest Camp, the 1941 High Trip, and other delightful scenes. Altogether, the occasion was voted "one of the nicest."--EC